

T H E
E P I T A P H

Of the most Renowned and Illustrious

Capt. WILLIAM BEDLOE.

Stay Passenger! I am no common Stone,
The Dust's not Vulgar which I lie upon:
This is the Mighty Captain *Bedloe's* Grave,
Now honest *Protestant*, though once *Popish Knave*,
Who falsly Men out of their *lives* did Swear,
And with his Tongue more Men than Hands did fear:
That nimble Weapon he'd so finely use,
That He Three Kingdoms with it did abuse:
Noll's Sword did do no more; Yet this great Wight;
(As once the Gyants,) did 'gainst Heaven fight:
False Oaths on Oaths he laid, the Bulk did rise
Into a *Teneriff* of *PERJURIES*;
On which base Mount he stood, add Heav'n did dare,
At the *Old-Baily* too and Impious War;
For who *false Oath* does take, at that bold hit,
Does in the face of his Creator spit;
Such Christians who should be his Friends, do use
Crist worse, then did his *Foes* the Jews:
They knew not what they did when He did Die,
These *knowing Christians* do *Christ* Crucifie
With *loathsom Oaths*, which more prevails
On's Sacred Virgin-flesh, then did the Nails
Which pierc'd his *Hands* and *Feet* when He did Die;
To save this Villain on *Mount Calvery*:
But Heaven's asleep, at which Mortals wonder,
Fearing he has forgot 'gainst Sin to Thunder;
Or else this *Fidlers Son* could ne'r have Dy'd,
The Peoples Sorrow, almost Deify'd:
Who as their *second Saviour* they Bewail,
And have forgot He once did *Horses* steal.
No, no; we Judge according to our Sense,
Which cannot fathom *Ocean-Providence*,
Which Buoy's those up who in it boldly strive
To Swim, but Drown's who in it needs will dive;
Although his Body under Marble lies,
His Soul in *living Flames*, still living Dies;
And when Gods Judgement's over for our Sins,
Then, then, his Wrath 'gainst his Comeradeas begins;
Which when those *Perjur'd Villains* cannot skip,
He'll burn the Rod which once his Child did whip.

*Reader, Pass on, and in thy Heart when gone,
With horror write, what's here not writ in Stone.*

13. Sept. 1680.

